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EPISTLE

FROM A

Half-Pay OFFICER

In the *Country*, to his Friend in *Town*.

Occasion'd by the late

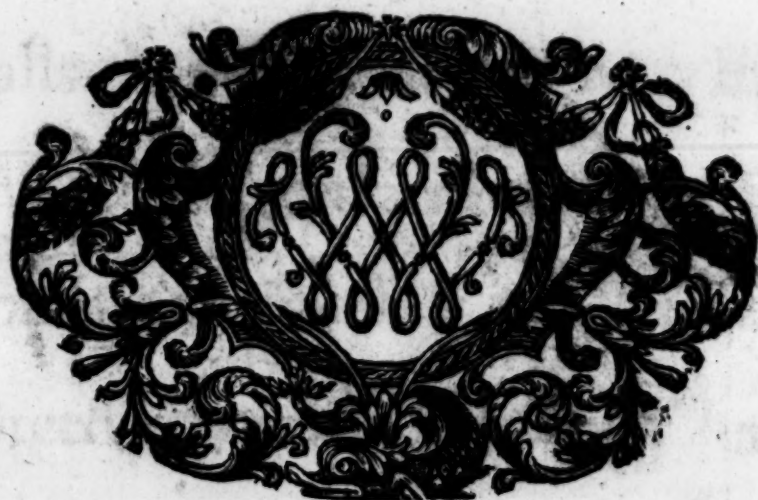
CONSPIRACY,

AND THE

BIRTH of the Young PRINCESS.

Summum crede nefas, Animum præferre Pudori. JUV.

— *Redeunt Saturnia Regna.* VIRG.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PEELE, at *Locke's Head* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row. M.DCC.XXIII.

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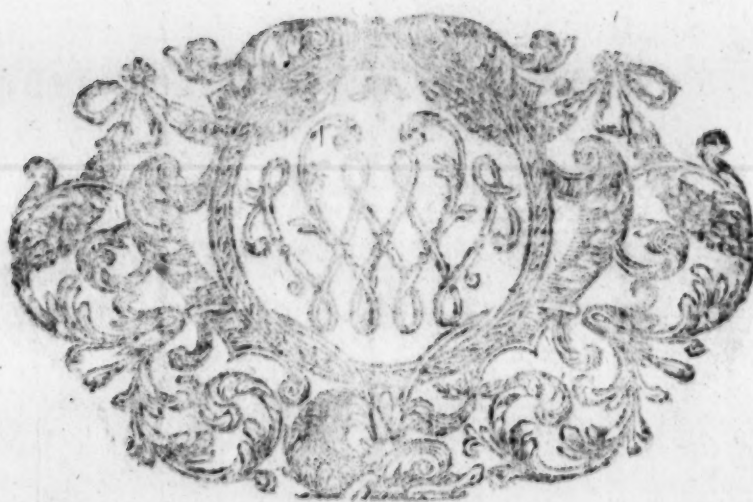
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Printed for J. PARKER, at LOCKE'S Head in PARL. Street.
MDCCLXXIII.



EPISTLE

Half-Pay OFFICER, &c.



FROM Woods and Lawns, serene and
The mossy Mountains, humbly
Inglorious, now disbanded, Warriors Seats,
In Love unfeign'd, this article's Verse I send
To smoky Walls that still detain my Friend
And, O, forgive the Freedom of the Muse,
That wou'd condemn the Sort of Life you chuse
For in nice Breeding, while he surely errs,
That, to another's Choice, his own prefers
Since here below unmixt, sincere and pure,
No Happiness is found, or Joy endure,
The Good and Ill in Life each Mortal bears,
And every State its Inconvenience shares
'Tis

'Tis ours, to take the Lot assign'd by Fate,
 Nor think who's now forgot and out of Date,
 Nor who, tho' Worthless, Prosp'rous, Rich and Great,
 In Love and War, alike; Almighty Gold
 A Pow'r resistless boasts, and uncontroll'd;
 In Shades obscure, must humble Merit hide
 Its modest Head, and there content reside,
 Constrain'd give way to Interest, Wealth and Pride.
 But soft !----- The cautious Muse reluctant sings,
 And almost fears to touch the trembling Strings;
 Us'd to frequent the Fields and haunt the Woods,
 The smiling Meads and Silver streaming Floods,
 The mossy Fountains, and the flow'ry Hills,
 The bubbling Brooks, and lympid warbling Rills,
 The bow'ry Shades, the vernal bloomy Grove,
 And green Retreats, the leafy Scenes of Love,
 In painting softer Strokes her Talent lies,
Delia's white Neck, or *Sylvia's* melting Eyes;
 But now provok'd, Grief and real Anger raise
 To stronger Notes her yet unpointed Lays,
 Force her to touch with the rough Satire's Sting,
 And rise a while upon a bolder Wing.

Thro' the green Vale, a frightful Clamour rung,
 And Treason! Murders! dwell on ev'ry Tongue!



A fullen Gloom o'erspread the silent Plain,
No Pipe, no Voice was heard, nor jocund Strain.

Anxious and sad the pensive Shepherds sat,
Lamented first their own, then *Albion's* Fate;
Each tender-hearted Nymph her Swain forgot,
Mourn'd for the King, and sickn'd at the Plot!

How in my Breast did Shame and Sorrow reign,
Glow in my Face, and throb in ev'ry Vein!

When to my Ears th' amazing Tidings came,
(Too swift born on the Wings of babling Fame)

That, clad like Sheep, dire Wolves, O monstrous Sight!
And preaching Foxes stood reveal'd to Light.

For passive Doctrines that learn'd Guides renown'd,
Were bold resisting Impious Rebels found!

And gallant Chiefs for Wit and Prowess fam'd,
In a black List with vulgar Ruffians nam'd,

Foes to their Prince, in a damn'd League combin'd,
And with unnatural desperate Traitors join'd!

Ye Patriot Shades, that scorn'd a Tyrant's Reign
To brook on Earth, and bravely broke the Chain!

That own'd, embrac'd and guarded WILLIAM's Cause!
And greatly fought for Liberties and Laws!

That, by the Hero's Side, undaunted met,
On the fam'd Banks of *Boyne*, a glorious Fate!

Or near the foaming *Danube's* rapid Flood,
 In the fierce Contest sacrific'd your Blood!
 Regardless of the Ways of Man below,
 Whilst at your Feet pure Streams of *Nectar* flow,
 And spicy Gales around your Temples blow;
 In blissful Bowers, on the Ethærial Plains,
 Reap and enjoy the Harvest of your Pains!
 O, haply, if the shameful Tale shou'd stray
 Into the Regions of Eternal Day,
 With gentlest Art and softning Accents bear
 The hateful, odious Sounds to *MARLBRO'S* Ear.
 O, spare his Ghost! Much has the Hero bore
 Of Faction's Spite, whilst on this earthly Shore,
 Let not fresh Tydings, of her Rage, invade
 The peaceful Realms, that claim his mighty Shade;
 Too much 'twou'd grieve the gen'rous Chief to hear
 His once-own'd Friends, Companions of the War,
 So lost to Honour, and so sunk in Shame,
 As to espouse a vile Pretender's Claim,
 And setting Oaths and sacred Vows aside,
 The Laws of Heav'n and Man alike deride.
 The subtil Jesuit-Tribe, and Jugling-Schools,
 May act like Knaves, as oft they talk like Fools,

Build Cobweb-Arguments abstruse and nice,
 To puzzle Blockheads, and entangle Flies,
 To Learning and Religion make Pretence,
 By grave Harangues, and dint of Impudence,
 By Coxcombs prais'd, and scorn'd by Men of Sense,
 In false Evasions and Distinctions reign,
 And with curst Sophistry contend in vain,
 A trait'rous Cause to varnish and maintain.
 Far from the Brave be the dissembling Part,
 The double Tongue, and base, deceitful Heart;
 Just be their Actions, and sincere their Words,
 True as the Steel that's temper'd in their Swords!
 May they all treach'rous, little Arts despise,
 And a good Name beyond all Riches prize,
 From the great Cause of Liberty ne'er err,
 And to a Life in Bondage, Death prefer;
 With ardent Zeal to Virtue still inclin'd,
 Speak the real Dictates of an honest Mind,
 And all their Deeds, all of a-piece the same,
 Confirm and prove to perjur'd Villains Shame,
 That Honour's not in them an empty Name.
 May they in Love and Friendship, Peace and War,
 To Truth, Regard inviolable bear!

O Truth, Coelestial Charmer, Pow'r Divine!
 Around thy Head what radiant Glories shine!
 Thee, Goddess, thee no Veil or Covering clouds,
 Conceals thy Charms or lovely'st Beauties shrouds,
 Naked thou stand'st confess'd to Human Sight,
 In thy own native Splendor Heav'nly bright,
 Pure as the Skies, and fair as new-born Light;
 Courage and Constancy thy Steps attend,
 And generous Freedom thy Eternal Friend;
 Soft Gladness, Joy and Mirth around thee move,
 And smiling Innocence the Child of Love:
 O Goddess, in this Isle, with all thy Train,
 For ever shine, and all triumphant reign!

Excuse, my Friend, th' unskilful, rural Song;
 On the delightful Theme, that dwells too long!
 O, I am warm'd, and hardly can restrain
 Th' impetuous Muse, with a contracted Rein,
 From breaking loose to scour the op'ning Plain!
 But wild and young, unpractis'd for the Race,
 In the track'd Vale let her pursue the Chace.

I know 'twere vain, to court you to remove
 From the gay Town, the Seat of Joy and Love:
 Enjoy your Choice in circling Raptures live;
 All that the Opera, Love and Wine can give!

Whilst

Whilst I content, reap what the Country yields,
 The chryſtal Springs, green Shades and painted Fields ;
 Tho' far remov'd, the Sounds of Joy I hear,
 And in the publick Blifs exulting ſhare:
 Who can deſcribe the Tranſports on the Plain,
 Of each fair Nymph, and ev'ry blithſome Swain,
 When of another Royal Infant Fair,
 The Birth proclaim'd, rent with Applauſe the Air ?
 Hail, lovely Babe, dear Pledge of Heav'nly Peace !
 Auspicious Omen of the Year's Increaſe !
 Lo ! how for Thee the golden Months proceed !
 Ages of *Halcyon* Calm the Storm ſucceed.
 For Thee, the Sun flames more tranſcendent bright,
 The Days more glad, more ſoft the ſilent Night.
 To welcome Thee, indulgent Nature ſpreads
 Her Stores, and ſpeeds t'unlock her Genial Beds :
 And, ſee, the Spring around, luxuriant pours
 Its pureſt Sweets, and ſtrows its gawdy'ſt Flowers !
 Mild Breezes riſe, and amorous *Zephyrs* figh
 Their balmy Breath along the purple Sky ;
 A Silver Bloom the waving Orchards bear,
 And the gay Meads their richeſt Livery wear ;
 To thrilling Airs, harmonious melting Notes !
 The feather'd Songſters tune their warbling Throats ;

A brighter Tincture paints the Virgin-Rose,
 And ev'ry Stream in murmuring Musick flows.
 To thy first View these *Sylvan* Glories rise,
 And this fine Scene allures thy Infant Eyes:
 Then as thy Charms in rip'ning Lustre shine,
 And lovely'st Features note thy Race Divine;
 As sweetest Beauties triumph in thy Face,
 And thy bright Soul grows rich in ev'ry Grace;
 No Change of Seasons shall the Year divide,
 Chace the fair Spring, or close the Summer's Pride;
 But Fruits and Flow'rs at once promiscuous grow,
 And from the knotted Oak pure Honey flow;
 The lowing Herd with Joy the Pail shall meet,
 And woolly Flocks in purple Fleeces bleat;
 Soft fanning Gales, and dewy-falling Show'rs,
 By Turns refresh the Plants and od'rous Flow'rs;
 The Merchant's Care shall cease, and Ploughman's Toil,
 And ev'ry Blessing rise in ev'ry Soil;
 With Plenty crown'd, shall Lands untill'd be seen,
 And the tall Groves spread an Eternal Green;
 The Fields shall laugh in Ears of golden Corn,
 Whilst fragrant Shrubs the Mountains Brows adorn,
 And blushing Apples glow on ev'ry Thorn.

No thickest Brake shall pois'nous Serpents hold,
 Or Midnight Thieves molest the Shepherd's Fold;
 From the rude North no rugged Blasts shall fly,
 Or Lightnings glare and revel in the Sky;
 No Grief or Fears our Pleasures shall annoy,
 But all Mankind the Bliss unmix'd enjoy.

Let future Years, in this bright Order, glide
 Thro' *Albion's* Realm, the Fates propitious cry'd,
 And all the prosp'rous Omens ratify'd.

O *Britain*! bless'd, thrice happy, favourite Isle!
 On which confess'd the Pow'rs immortal smile!
 Firm as a Rock still shall thy State subsist,
 And all Assaults of *Rome* and Hell resist,
 Spite of each restless Tool and ill-designing Priest.

Let *Catiline* conspire, and *Cinna* write,
 Loud *Stentor* tear his Lungs to vent his Spite,
 To factious Clubs soft *Lentulus* resort,
 And *Atius* Right or Wrong oppose the Court;
 Whilst new-born Stars arise, and o'er thee shine,
 The Guardian Angels of the BRUNSWICK Line;
 Malice and Party-Strife, thy deadly Foes,
 Shall toil in vain to ruin thy Repose;

Or

Or thy long Train of Happiness defeat,
 The Years of Gladness that upon thee wait,
 Of GEORGE'S Reign the Glories to compleat.

My Soul's on Flames, transported at the Name!
 Where shall I find a Bard to sing his Fame?
 Begin, O STEELE, and strike the tuneful Shell,
 On thy lov'd Monarch's Praise for Ages dwell;
 To distant Time th' illustrious Lineage trace,
 Tell all the Virtues of his Godlike Race,
 How great in War! how mild and good in Peace!
 From blooming Youth, how glitt'ring Trophies won,
 And a bright Scene of Triumphs carry'd on,
 May gay the Hero, and adorn his Crown!

So when the Sun, from his green oozy Bed,
 In the far East first rears his purple Head,
 Soft Beams of Light, and lambent Blazes fly,
 Sport thro' the Air, and gild the azure Sky,
 Till Giant-like, he scales the steepy Height,
 Diffuses o'er the Globe his radiant Light,
 And in full Glory shines unutterably bright.



